crotch, twiddling his thumbs and wriggling his sandaled feet. He'd stand like that for a few minutes, not saying anything. Johnny would see his jaw-muscles working....

Romeo observed the routine and said it was strange. To Sharpshanks it was high finance. J. P. Morgan would have found it ordinary. To Sharpshanks the thing store was Crassus Black's Anus Corp. In his own mind he was Dadania's next great entrepreneur.

His mind? Johnny knew he'd lost it....

*****

Increasingly, he spent his days in song,
he finally shunned the gradient for music.
He went off track, went crazy in a lyric.
He stammers when he talks; he only sings
among the mad, the ones like him, translated.
The images, the colors, shapes of bodies
are not divided from the wind's afflatus:
Aeolist, Poet, Bedlamite, Parnassian.

*****

Trixie surprised Johnny sorting dolls, talking dolls. One of them had dark skin and had her hair done up in horns. Asphalt!

Trixie said Johnny should have his own room, for dressing them. A Model Suite....

Romeo told her that Praetorius played with Barbies; he told her to tell him he said so.

Johnny knew. Soon he'd be cutting them out of paper....

*****

A wraith-like dealer passed. He wanted Romeo....

To help him collect his things from some other scoundrel down the street. Who'd mysteriously disappeared. Leaving behind a store full of things and a growing mess of rumors. Everything that anyone had left with him for delivery or repair had been sold to somebody else two or three times. The landlord was going to seize all of it for rent. Nobody knew whose shit was whose anymore.

The dealer called the Thing Street alderman, that great democrat Bizz Kukzinksky, to clean up the mess before it gave the business a bad name.

Romeo pissed himself laughing.

*****

Everyone congregated in Thing's Pork stuffing wieners up their asses under a minnie-skirted equestrian statue of William Lion Mackenzie QUEEN.

For DADANIA DAY.